GOLD KEY

TWILIGHT ZONE

12c

ROD SERLING

10016-804
APRIL

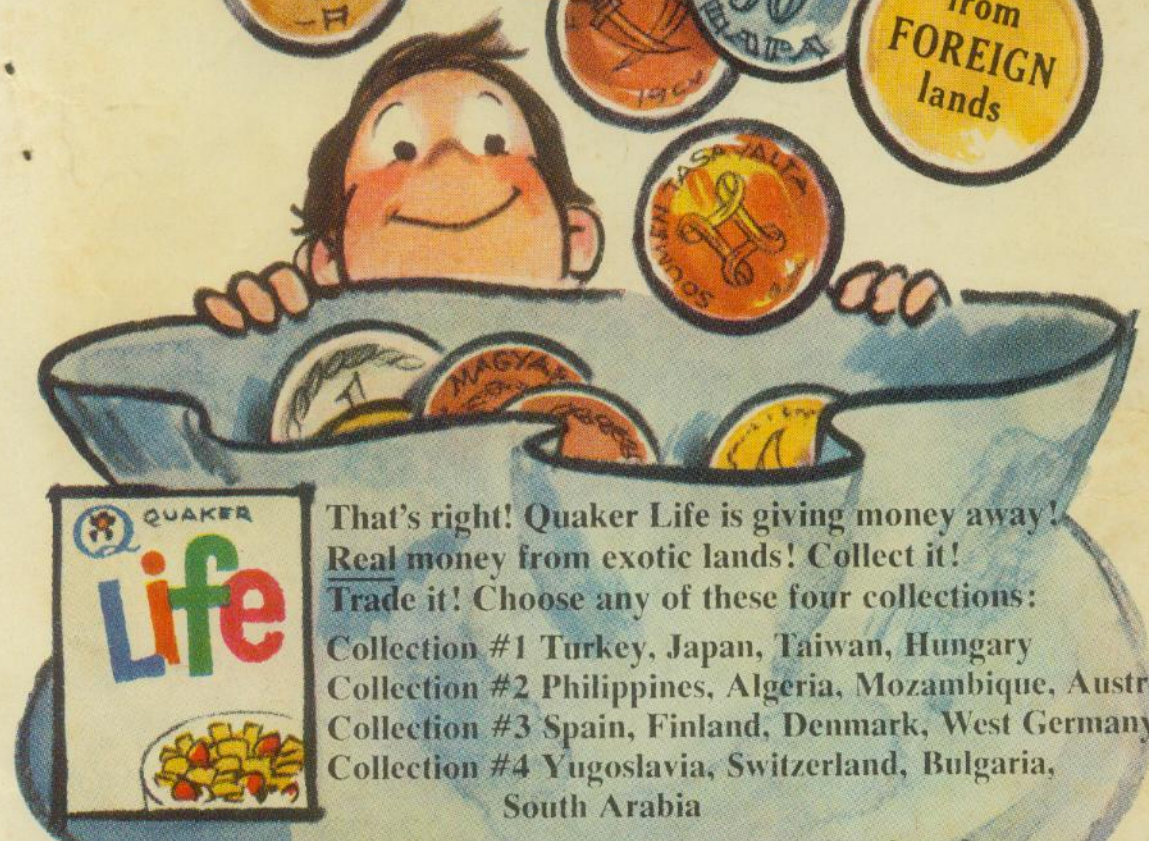
THE TWILIGHT ZONE

Dead Indians make a last stand against the Iron Horse to save their burial ground

with BOXTOP plus 10¢ for handling

Free Money From Quaker Life Cereal!

from FOREIGN lands



That's right! Quaker Life is giving money away! Real money from exotic lands! Collect it! Trade it! Choose any of these four collections:

Collection #1 Turkey, Japan, Taiwan, Hungary
Collection #2 Philippines, Algeria, Mozambique, Austria
Collection #3 Spain, Finland, Denmark, West Germany
Collection #4 Yugoslavia, Switzerland, Bulgaria, South Arabia

Here's how you can get one of these foreign coin collections for your very own: Just send any Quaker Life cereal boxtop with the coupon at right telling us your name, address and which collection you want. For all four collections send three boxtops. Be sure to add a dime to cover handling costs. Offer limited, so hurry! (Void where prohibited by law.)

You'll love what's inside the box too ...great-tasting Quaker Life cereal!

GK PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY—USE ZIP CODE

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

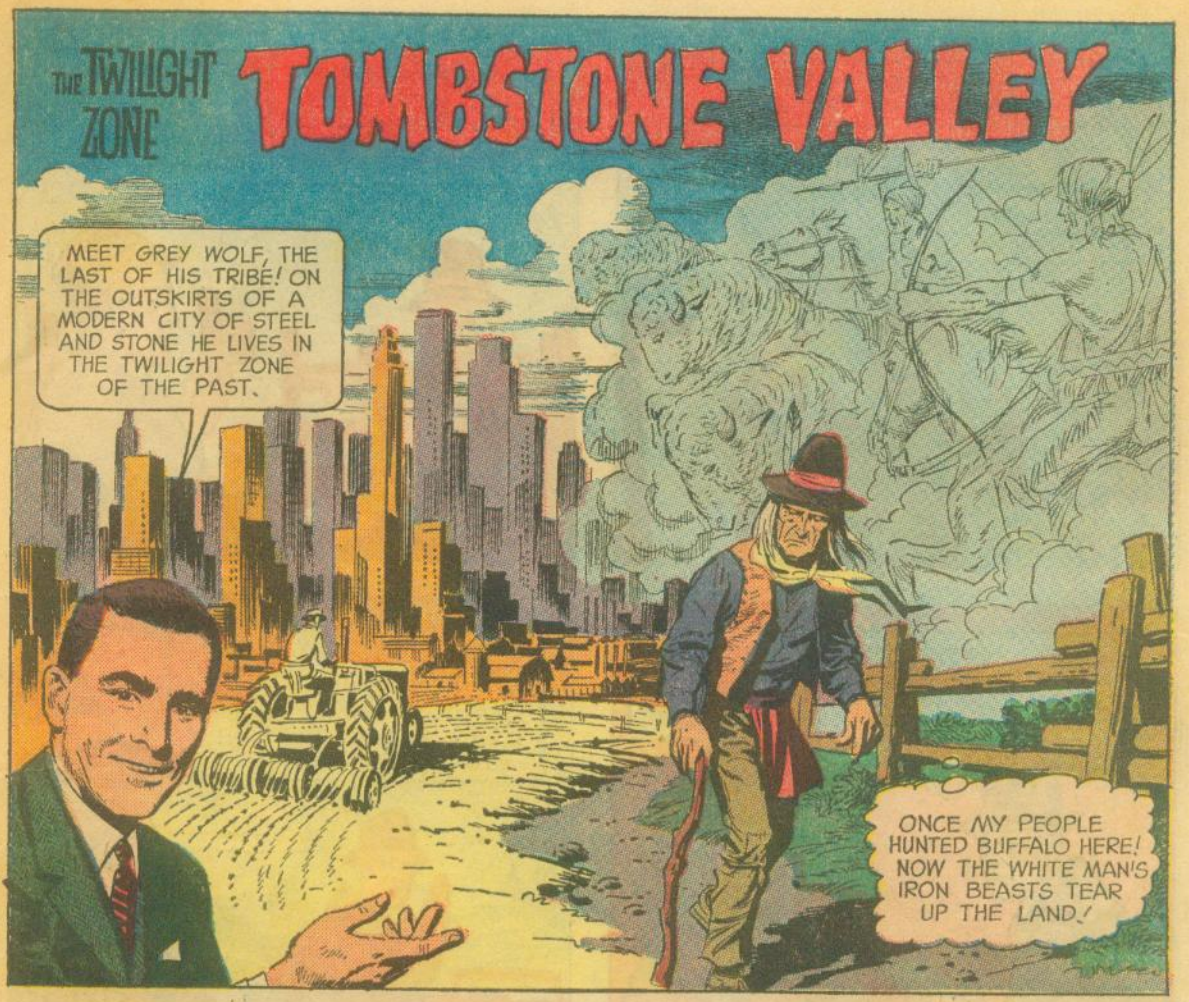
CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

Collection 1 ☐ 2 ☐ 3 ☐ 4 ☐ Send with one Quaker Life boxtop and 10¢ for handling. For all four collections send three boxtops and 10¢ for handling. ☐ Send to: Foreign Coins
P.O. Box 965, Maple Plains, Minnesota 55359

Offer expires Aug. 31, 1968

Allow 3 weeks for delivery


THE TWILIGHT ZONE
TOMBSTONE VALLEY
MEET GREY WOLF, THE LAST OF HIS TRIBE! ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A MODERN CITY OF STEEL AND STONE HE LIVES IN THE TWILIGHT ZONE OF THE PAST.
ONCE MY PEOPLE HUNTED BUFFALO HERE! NOW THE WHITE MAN'S IRON BEASTS TEAR UP THE LAND!

FOR GREY WOLF THERE IS NOTHING LEFT BUT THE SHACK IN TOMBSTONE VALLEY AMONG THE GRAVES OF HIS PEOPLE...
SLEEP WELL, OLD ONES! SOON GREY WOLF WILL JOIN YOU!

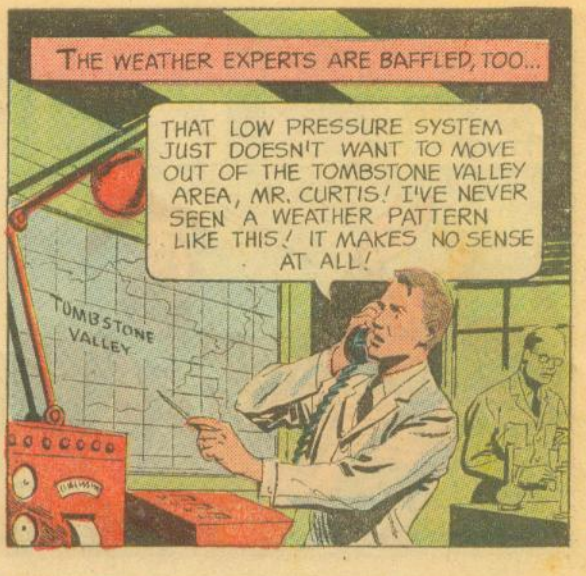
POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to Western Publishing Company, Inc., North Road, Poughkeepsie, New York 12602.
THE TWILIGHT ZONE, No. 25, April, 1968. Published quarterly by Western Publishing Company, Inc., North Road, Poughkeepsie, New York 12602. Second-class postage paid at Poughkeepsie, New York. Subscription price in the U.S.A. 45c per year; foreign subscriptions 75c per year; Canadian subscriptions 60c per year. All rights reserved throughout the world. Authorized edition. Printed in U.S.A. Copyright © 1968, 1961, 1960, by Cayuga Productions, Inc.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us four weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

BUT THERE IS NO PEACE FOR GREY WOLF, FOR ONE DAY...
WHO ARE YOU, STRANGERS? WHY DO YOU NAIL THAT PAPER TO MY FENCE?
RELAX, CHIEF! THE RAILROAD BOUGHT THIS LAND FROM THE STATE! WE'RE BUILDING A BRANCH LINE TO CUSTER CITY THROUGH HERE!
NOTICE
BUT WHO HAS THE RIGHT TO SELL THIS LAND?...WHO DARES SELL THE GRAVES OF MY PEOPLE?
LET'S NOT GO ON THE WARPATH, CHIEF! WE CAN MAKE A DEAL!
I'M MIKE CURTIS, CHIEF ENGINEER IN CHARGE OF BUILDING THE NEW BRANCH LINE! WOULD A HUNDRED BUCKS SQUARE THINGS?
YOU CANNOT BUY THE GRAVES OF MY BROTHERS!
HAVE IT YOUR WAY, CHIEF! BUT THE DAY OF THE REDSKINS WAS OVER LONG AGO! LIKE IT OR NOT, THE RAILROAD'S COMING THROUGH TOMBSTONE VALLEY!
THAT WEEK COMES THE INVASION OF THE IRON MONSTERS..
YOU HEARD ME! THE RIGHT-OF-WAY GOES RIGHT THROUGH THAT OLD INDIAN BONEYARD!
CLANK
ROARR
RUMBLE

LOOK, BOSS! THE OLD INDIAN IS PRAYING TO THE SPIRITS FOR HELP! CAN'T WE DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS?
LET'S NOT GET SENTIMENTAL! WE'VE GOT A RAILROAD TO BUILD!
BUT SOON AFTERWARD...
HEY, I'VE HEARD THAT SONG BEFORE! IT'S SOME KIND OF A RAIN CHANT!
THE OLD FOOL MUST BE OUT OF HIS HEAD! THERE'S BEEN A DROUGHT IN THIS AREA FOR MONTHS!
THEN, ONE HOUR LATER...
HOW ABOUT THAT? ONE MINUTE A CLEAR SKY AND THE NEXT MINUTE A RAINSTORM! MAYBE OLD GREY WOLF'S GOT SOMETHING!
JUST A COINCIDENCE! IT'LL BE OVER SOON!
BOOM BOOM BOOM
BUT DAYS LATER...
ONE SOLID WEEK OF RAIN! BOSS, HOW DO WE TURN THIS THING OFF?
BOOM
BOOM
THUMP
THUMP
BULLDOZERS, GRADERS, TRACTORS... ALL OUR EQUIPMENT BOGGED DOWN IN MUD! THE WHOLE JOB IS STALLED! WE'RE WAY BEHIND SCHEDULE!
BOOM
BOOM

LOOK AT THAT OLD DEVIL! HE PROBABLY THINKS HE CAUSED THIS STORM!
I'M SURE THERE'S SOME GOOD EXPLANATION FOR ALL THIS RAIN! CALL THE WEATHER BUREAU AND ASK WHEN THEY EXPECT IT TO END!


THE WEATHER EXPERTS ARE BAFFLED, TOO...
THAT LOW PRESSURE SYSTEM JUST DOESN'T WANT TO MOVE OUT OF THE TOMBSTONE VALLEY AREA, MR. CURTIS! I'VE NEVER SEEN A WEATHER PATTERN LIKE THIS! IT MAKES NO SENSE AT ALL!
TOMBSTONE VALLEY

BUT MIKE CURTIS IS A STUBBORN MAN, AND SOON...
WHILE WE'RE WAITING FOR THAT BAD WEATHER TO END IN TOMBSTONE VALLEY, WE'LL BUILD THIS TRESTLE TO BRING THE RAIL LINE IN FROM THE WEST!

THEN, ONE DAY, NEAR THE NEW BRIDGE...
IT'S GREY WOLF! WONDER WHAT THAT TROUBLE-MAKER IS UP TO NOW?
HE'S MAKING A SAND PAINTING... IT'S A FORM OF INDIAN MAGIC-RITE! I THINK HIS PEOPLE PICKED IT UP FROM THE NAVAHOS!

I UNDERSTAND THE OTHER SYMBOLS! BUT WHAT DOES THAT STRANGE SPIRAL MEAN?
LOOK!... BACK THERE!

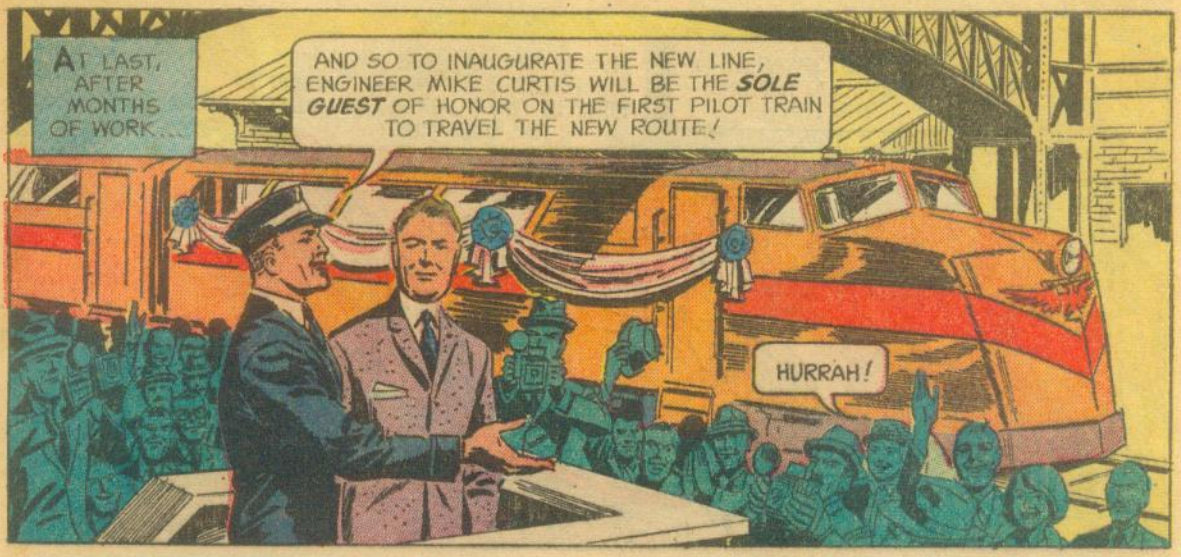
IN THE NEXT MOMENT AN INCREDIBLE CYCLONIC FORCE WHIRLS DOWN FROM THE SKY...
A TORNADO! IT CAME OUT OF NOWHERE!
IT'S TEARING THAT STEEL TRESTLE APART AS IF IT WERE MADE OF MATCHSTICKS!

SOON, AS THE FANTASTIC WINDSTORM ENDS...
WEEKS OF WORK DESTROYED IN SECONDS!
THAT OLD REDSKIN SAT THROUGH THAT TORNADO UNHARMED! IT DOESN'T FIGURE UNLESS...

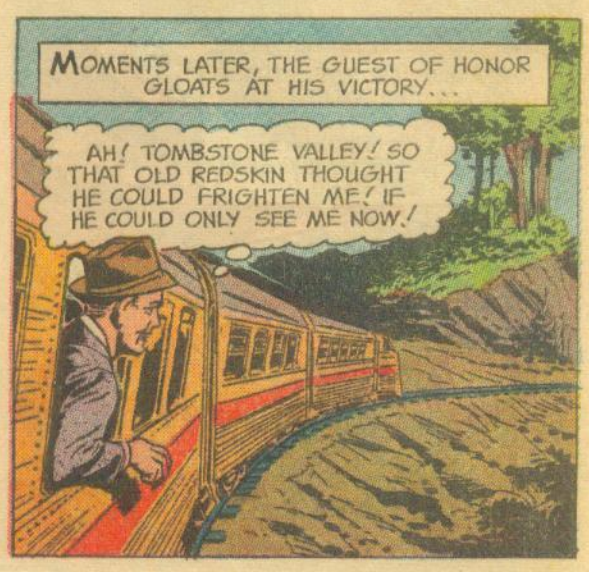
I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON HERE BUT YOU'RE CRAZY IF YOU THINK YOU CAN MAKE A FOOL OUT OF MIKE CURTIS! I'LL BUILD THAT LINE THROUGH TOMBSTONE VALLEY IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!

BUT THE OLD MAN'S PRAYERS BRING DISASTER AFTER DISASTER...
BOOM
BOOM
BOOM
BOOM

SOON MORALE CRUMBLES...
WE QUIT, CURTIS! THIS JOB IS JINXED!
WE'VE BEEN HOODOOED FROM THE START! WE'RE WALKING OUT BEFORE THAT OLD REDSKIN GETS US ALL KILLED!
DESPERATELY, CURTIS TRIES ANOTHER ANGLE...
OFFICER, THAT INDIAN IS TRESPASSING ON LAND LEGALLY OWNED BY THE RAILROAD! ARREST HIM!
NO! DO NOT COME IN HERE! I WILL DIE DEFENDING THE OLD ONES!
IN THE NEXT INSTANT...
YAAAAAHHH!
HE'S DEAD! THE POOR DEVIL MUST HAVE DIED OF HEARTBREAK!
WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? NOW WE CAN GET ON WITH BUILDING THAT BLASTED RAIL LINE!
THE NEXT DAY...
BOSS, THE CREW IS WORRIED! MAYBE WE OUGHT TO CUT AROUND THIS OLD GRAVEYARD?
STILL SCARED OF THAT JINX? DON'T BE A FOOL! PUSH THOSE DOZERS RIGHT THROUGH! WE'VE GOT A SCHEDULE TO MEET!


AT LAST, AFTER MONTHS OF WORK...
AND SO TO INAUGURATE THE NEW LINE, ENGINEER MIKE CURTIS WILL BE THE SOLE GUEST OF HONOR ON THE FIRST PILOT TRAIN TO TRAVEL THE NEW ROUTE!
HURRAH!

SOON, AS THE TRAIN GLIDES OVER THE RAIL...
WHAT A TRIP! SMOOTH AS SILK!
THERE'S THE LAST TUNNEL UP AHEAD!


MOMENTS LATER, THE GUEST OF HONOR GLOATS AT HIS VICTORY...
AH! TOMBSTONE VALLEY! SO THAT OLD REDSKIN THOUGHT HE COULD FRIGHTEN ME! IF HE COULD ONLY SEE ME NOW!

SUDDENLY, IN THE CABIN OF THE GREAT DIESEL, UP AHEAD...
YOWWWW!
EEEEYAH! ARROWS! WHERE'D THEY COME FROM?

GREAT DAY! LOOK!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

INDIANS! SWARMS OF THEM... ATTACKING THE TRAIN!
THIS IS CRAZY! THERE HAVEN'T BEEN THAT MANY INDIANS AROUND HERE IN FIFTY YEARS! WE MUST BE DREAMING!
2034

DREAMING OR NOT... THOSE ARROWS ARE REAL! AND SOMETHING DAMAGED OUR ENGINE. THE PRESSURE'S DOWN! WE'RE LOSING SPEED FAST!

THERE'S ONLY ONE CHANCE TO KEEP HEADWAY AND GET OUT OF HERE ALIVE! GET BACK THERE AND UNCOUPLE THE CARS!

SECONDS LATER...
NO! COME BACK! YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME HERE! YOU CAN'T!
WAHHHHEEEEE

A HALF HOUR AFTERWARD, AT THE TERMINAL...
AN INDIAN ATTACK IN THIS DAY AND AGE! I REFUSE TO BELIEVE IT!
BUT FACE IT! THAT TRAIN CREW WAS WOUNDED BY INDIAN ARROWS!

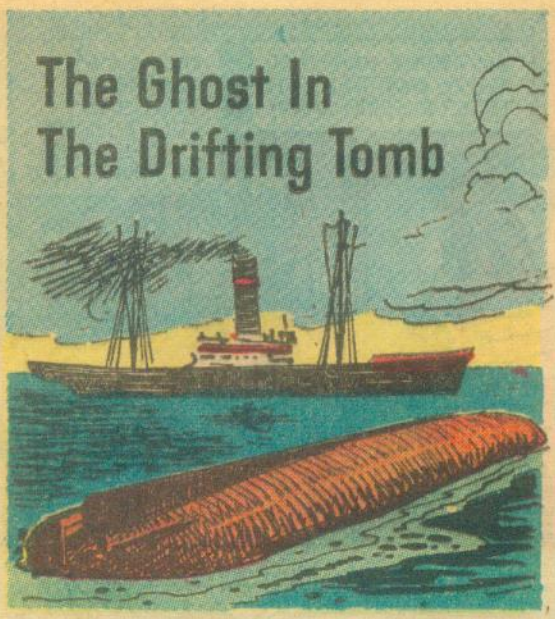
WHATEVER HAPPENED, WE'VE GOT TO LOCATE THOSE MISSING CARS!
OUR CHIEF ENGINEER, CURTIS, IS STILL ABOARD! I HOPE HE'S NOT HURT, TOO!

BUT WHEN THE SEARCH PARTY ARRIVES AT THE SCENE OF THE ATTACK...
NO SIGN OF ANY CARS...OR OF CURTIS! WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO THEM?

A FIVE CAR TRAIN COULDN'T JUST DISAPPEAR INTO THIN AIR!...OR COULD IT?
AND CURTIS.... WHAT HAPPENED TO CURTIS?

WHAT HAPPENED TO CURTIS? NO, HE HASN'T DISAPPEARED, NOT REALLY! FOR AT THIS VERY MOMENT HE IS THE PRISONER OF A YOUNG WARRIOR NAMED GREY WOLF... SOMEWHERE FAR OFF IN THE TWILIGHT ZONE.

The Ghost In The Drifting Tomb



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It was in the last week of April, 1910 that vessels sailing along the Baltic coast of Germany began to notice a strange floating object. It seemed to be an elongated shape made of riveted steel riding low in the water. Exactly what it was no one could say. But all agreed that the mysterious object was a danger to navigation, and vessels kept their distance.

Then one day the Aurora, a Swedish sailing vessel, decided to investigate. As they drew close to the mysterious object, the sailors of the Aurora felt their blood run cold. They were looking at the hull of a capsized vessel. Somewhere, in a storm or gale, this mystery craft had been overturned, casting its crew into a raging sea!

Sailors are a superstitious breed and they consider a floating derelict a sign of bad luck. They wanted to get the Aurora out of there quickly! But the captain raised his hand. He tilted his head toward the sunken vessel as if listening for a sound.

And then the crew heard it too! A metallic thumping as if some unseen force was pounding on the hull!

Was it the ghost of one of the sailors who had drowned when the boat capsized? The crew of the Aurora stared at each other fearfully. But the captain was unafraid. He ordered a small boat to pull alongside of the derelict. With a metal gaff, one of the boat's crew pounded on the sunken hull! There was a long wait . . . And then, as if in echo, the mysterious thumping sounded within the capsized boat.

Was it a man inside or a ghost? The Aurora's men wanted no part of this strange vessel. But the captain was a stubborn man.

"Get a hawser aboard her!" he ordered. "We'll tow her into port! Man or ghost we'll find out what it is!"

The Aurora hauled the wreck into the port of Danzig. There a dockside crane lifted the derelict partly out of the water. They could see her name now! She was the Erndte, a small coastal schooner which had vanished in a storm weeks ago!

As crowds gathered a welder dropped on to the hull and cut a hole in the rusting metal.

Then as the crowd stared in horror-stricken fascination, a hand reached up from the darkness below. Pale and claw-like it grasped at the sun's rays! "Food! Water!" said a croaking voice.

Within moments they were lifting a shrivelled wax-like figure out of the derelict . . . the living ghost of Hans Engellandt, skipper of the Erndte! In a mumbling hysterical voice he told his blood-chilling story.

He had been trapped below when a violent storm had capsized his vessel and drowned the rest of the crew. For two long weeks he had lived in the darkness breathing the air that was sealed in the overturned hull. Day after day he had pounded on the steel above him trying to attract the attention of any vessel that might be passing by. Weak with fatigue and hunger he lapsed into unconsciousness, interrupted only by nightmares in which it seemed that passing vessels ignored his cries and sailed on!

When at last he heard a pounding on the hull he was sure it was just another nightmare. Yet instinctively he pounded on the steel in answer. Then, exhausted, he fell into unconsciousness once more. He was still unconscious when the welder opened the hull. It was the flood of sunlight which opened his eyes.

The ghost of Hans Engellandt had been brought back to life from its floating tomb.

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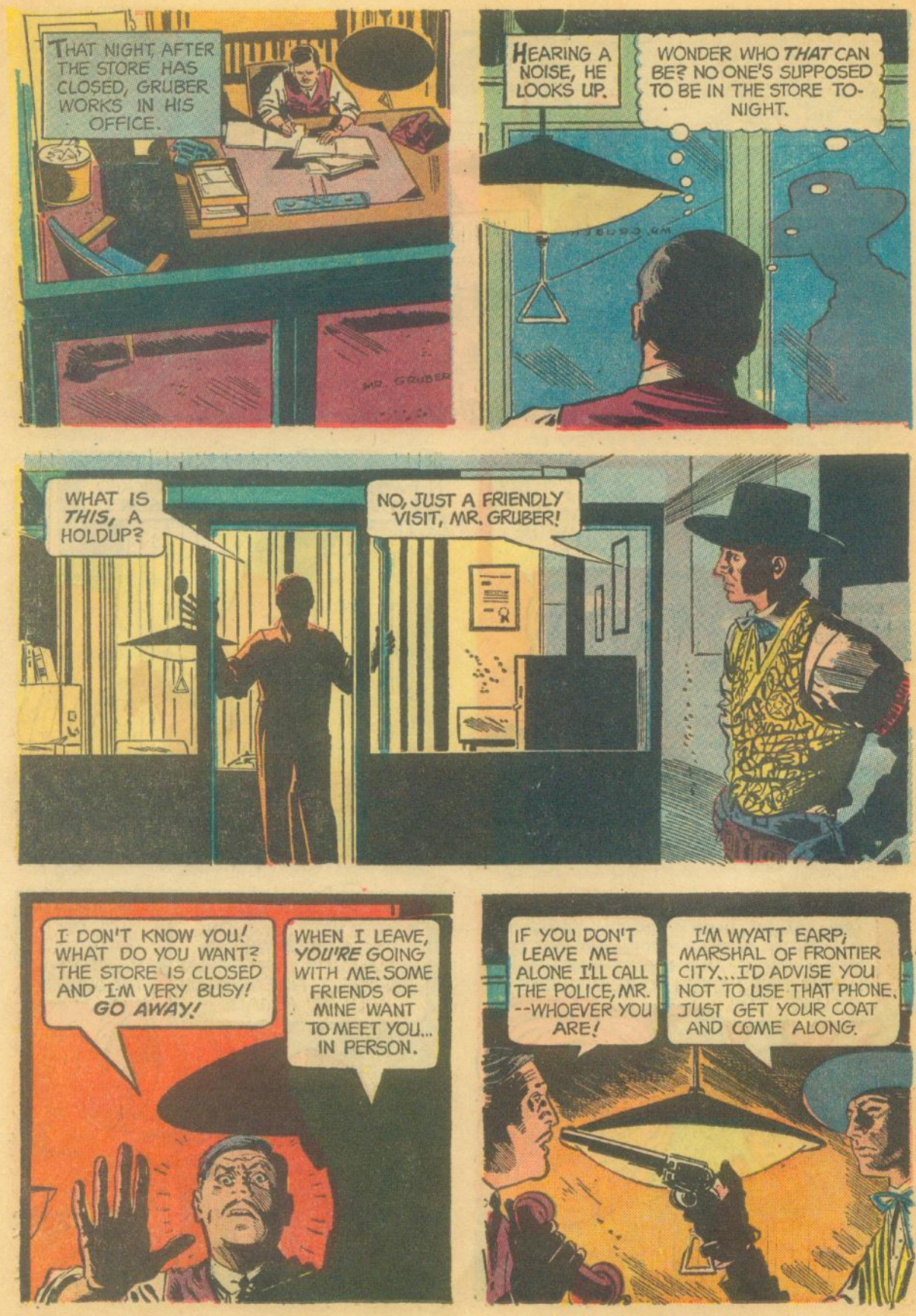
The CAPTIVE
COURTESY IS OFTEN A NEGLECTED VIRTUE IN OUR EVERYDAY LIVES. IN FACT, SOME PEOPLE ARE SO USED TO BEING RUDE THAT ONLY SOMETHING DRASTIC CAN MAKE THEM REMEMBER THE MEANING OF THE WORD.
THE TOY SECTION IN A LARGE DEPARTMENT STORE.
TOYS
KIT
FRONTIER CITY SALOON
SHERIFF
GENERAL STORE
LIVERY S

OH, OH, HERE COMES THE SECTION MANAGER, SOUR-PUSS GRUBER. LOOK BUSY, CYNTHIA.
HE'S SO AWFUL, GLADYS, HE MAKES ME NERVOUS EVERY TIME HE WALKS BY.
REPRINTED BY POPULAR DEMAND

NOW I'VE DONE IT! I KNOCKED OVER SOME OF THESE FIGURES.

WELL, MISS FUMBLE FINGERS, TRYING TO RUIN THAT DISPLAY? PERSONALLY, I DETEST COWBOYS, AND HORSES MAKE ME ILL, BUT THEY HAPPEN TO BE OUR BEST SELLING ITEMS.
HOTEL

I ALSO HATE SNIVELLING GIRLS, SO STOP WHIMPERING AND FIX THAT DISPLAY BEFORE I FIRE YOU, YOU CLUMSY FEMALE.
YES, MR. GRUBER. RIGHT AWAY, MR. GRUBER.


THAT NIGHT, AFTER THE STORE HAS CLOSED, GRUBER WORKS IN HIS OFFICE.
MR. GRUBER
HEARING A NOISE, HE LOOKS UP.
WONDER WHO THAT CAN BE? NO ONE'S SUPPOSED TO BE IN THE STORE TONIGHT.
WHAT IS THIS, A HOLDUP?
NO, JUST A FRIENDLY VISIT, MR. GRUBER!
I DON'T KNOW YOU! WHAT DO YOU WANT? THE STORE IS CLOSED AND I'M VERY BUSY! GO AWAY!
WHEN I LEAVE, YOU'RE GOING WITH ME. SOME FRIENDS OF MINE WANT TO MEET YOU... IN PERSON.
IF YOU DON'T LEAVE ME ALONE I'LL CALL THE POLICE, MR. --WHOEVER YOU ARE!
I'M WYATT EARP; MARSHAL OF FRONTIER CITY... I'D ADVISE YOU NOT TO USE THAT PHONE. JUST GET YOUR COAT AND COME ALONG.

LATER...
IT'S BEEN A LONG WALK, MR. GRUBER, BUT YOU MADE IT. IN THERE, PLEASE.
INSIDE THE SALOON.
THESE ARE MY FRIENDS, MR. GRUBER. THAT'S BAT MASTERSON ON THE LEFT, THEN BILLY THE KID, JOHNNY RINGO AND WILD BILL HICKOK.
OH, NO! IT CAN'T BE! YOU'RE ALL DEAD!
WE WERE, UNTIL TV GAVE US A NEW LEASE ON LIFE. OUR JOB NOW IS TO KEEP THE PEACE AND RIGHT WRONGS. WE DECIDED YOU NEED A LESSON, MR. GRUBER ... IN HUMILITY.
PLEASE, LET ME GO. I'LL PROMISE TO WATCH EVERY-ONE OF YOU ON TV FROM NOW ON, EVEN THE RERUNS.
NOT SO FAST, SLICKER. WE'RE MIGHTY UNHAPPY ABOUT THE WAY YOU TREAT WOMEN-FOLK---AND ALSO WHAT YOU'VE BEEN SAYING ABOUT COWBOYS AND HORSES.
THAT'S RIGHT, DUDE. SO WE'RE GOING TO KEEP YOU IN FRONTIER CITY FOR A WHILE, UNTIL YOU LEARN PROPER MANNERS.
YOU CAN'T DO THIS. I'LL LOSE MY JOB. THIS IS KIDNAPPING! IT'S AGAINST THE LAW.
WE'RE THE LAW IN FRONTIER CITY! TAKE HIM OUT, BOYS, AND START HIS EDUCATION!

IN THE TOY SECTION THE NEXT MORNING...
GOOD MORNING, GLADYS.
HELLO, CYNTHIA. I HOPE YOU'VE RECOVERED FROM THAT AWFUL BAWLING OUT OLD GRUBER GAVE YOU YESTERDAY.
FRONTIER CITY SALOON
I'M ALL RIGHT NOW, BUT SOMETIMES I WISH MR. GRUBER WOULD DISAPPEAR FOR A FEW DAYS!
NO SUCH LUCK!
IT'S WONDERFUL HOW REAL-LOOKING THEY CAN MAKE THESE LITTLE FIGURES. THIS ONE SEEMS TO BE SMILING AT ME.
STOP DAY-DREAMING. GRUBER MIGHT COME IN.
THERE'S A FIGURE LYING IN THE ROAD. WHERE DOES IT BELONG?
I DON'T REMEMBER SEEING THAT ONE BEFORE. BUT SINCE IT'S HOLDING A BROOM, I'LL PUT IT IN THE LIVERY STABLE.
IT MAY BE QUITE A WHILE BEFORE MR. GRUBER WORKS HIS WAY UP FROM STABLE BOY TO SECTION MANAGER AGAIN. HE HAS A LOT TO LEARN, AND HIS CAPTORS HAVE ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD TO TEACH HIM!

GOLD KEY CLUB COMICS

GOLD KEY COMICS CLUB NEWS

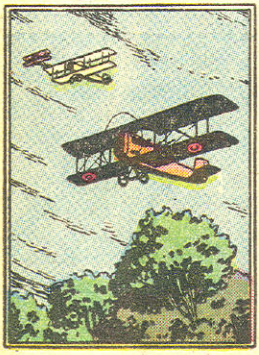
GOLD KEY CLUB COMICS

DON'T MISS AN ISSUE, OR YOU MAY MISS YOUR CONTRIBUTION.

COMICS CLUB STARTS SECOND YEAR

BIG NEWS FOR ARTISTS

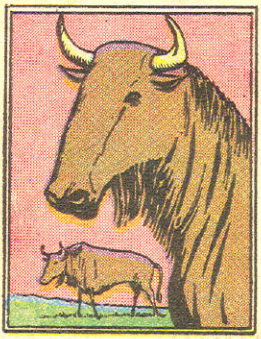
Your talent is in demand! Right now our readers' pages are ready for your drawings of animals, airplanes or inventions. And in a few months, we'll suggest other subjects for you to try your hand at. Don't forget to draw in black ink on white paper for better reproduction.



Can you identify this plane? More important, can you draw it or one like it? Incidentally, its a Breguet.

POLL TELLS ALL

Thanks for taking the time and trouble to vote in the Gold Key Comics Election. We'll tell you what we learned about our readers in the next issue.



The gnu makes a good subject for an artist who likes to draw animals. What else can you draw?

MILLION-YEAR-OLD DINOSAURS COME TO LIFE

There's a new feature in the Club pages. DINOSAURIA makes its debut in this issue. Turn to this fascinating page and read all about the big behemoths that stalked the earth in one million B.C.

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CLUB CONTINUES TO GROW AS MORE READERS JOIN IN THE FUN!

Now we know where good jokes come from — our readers. So keep them coming and let everyone join in the chuckles. If you see your joke with someone else's name on it, it merely means that more than one person sent in the same joke and we received the other fellow's first. Naturally we can't print all the jokes. We'd have no pages left for comics. But any night after hours you can hear roars of laughter coming from our offices. That will be the editors still reading all your jokes. They are laughing so hard they never heard the five o'clock whistle.

CLUB CONTENTS:

READER'S PAGE (That's for your airplanes, animals and inventions)
THE JOKE'S ON YOU
MINI-COMICS
DINOSAURIA

NOTE:

Contents may vary from above, due to last minute changes — but any pages omitted will be carried in the next issue.

Send each drawing, joke or other contribution on a separate sheet of paper • No payments are made for club contributions and no contributions can be returned. Letters cannot be answered individually • Watch club pages every month for replies, your drawings, jokes, written ideas and your name in print.

ADDRESS ALL MAIL TO: GOLD KEY COMICS CLUB
WESTERN PUBLISHING CO.
NORTH ROAD
POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y. 12601

GOLD KEY CLUB COMICS

Reader's Page

Our readers (that's you) are proving every day what talented artists they are. Here's a pageful of drawings you sent. Keep them coming! For best reproduction, draw in black ink on white paper. Mail to the address below.

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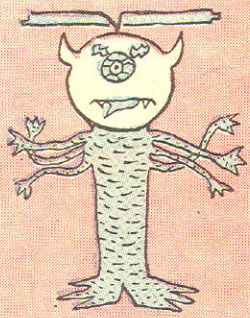
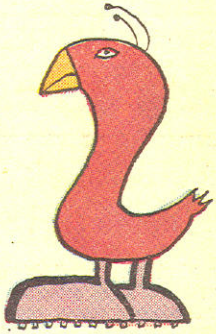
ELECTRIC SPACE MONSTER



Causes lightning on planets.

Don and Tom Garrett
Medford, Oregon

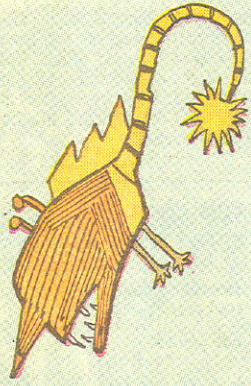
STAMPER BEAST



Crushes buildings and cars with its spiked feet.

Shirley Wheeler
Osage, Wyoming

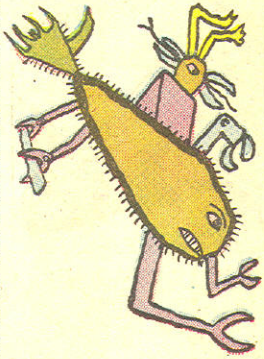
THE PEROSAURUS



Powerful as a herd of elephants. Tail knocks down buildings.

Gregory James
Quebec City, Canada

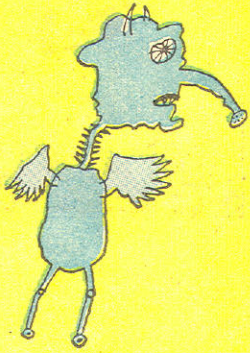
SEA DEVIL



Catches ships and uses pieces on itself.

Stephen Rode
St. Louis, Missouri

WEAPON THING



Shoots gas from nose, attacks beasts with horns.

Glenn Merritt
Commack, New York

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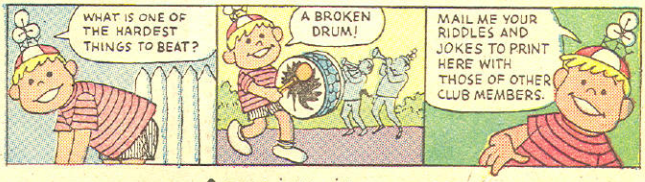
GOLD KEY CLUB COMICS

THE JOKE'S ON YOU

GOLD KEY KID


WHAT IS ONE OF THE HARDEST THINGS TO BEAT?
A BROKEN DRUM!
MAIL ME YOUR RIDDLES AND JOKES TO PRINT HERE WITH THOSE OF OTHER CLUB MEMBERS.

Mom: Who was that on the phone, Fred?
Fred: Some lady said, "It's a long distance from London," and I said, "It sure is!"
Betty Dairs, Charlotte, North Carolina

Riddle: What is the coldest row in the theater?
Answer: Z-Row.
Andy Sydney, Van Nuys, California

Teacher: Kathy, why are you late coming to school?
Kathy: Because there was a sign that said, "School — Go Slow," so I did.
Diana Johnson, Los Angeles, California

Scoutmaster (watching a tenderfoot trying to cook outdoors): How are you managing, lad? Is there anything you forgot to bring?
Tenderfoot: Yes, my mother.
Pamela C. Wilkinson, Paramount, California

Riddle: What comes all the way to the door but never gets in?
Answer: The doorsteps.
Paul Marrell, Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, Canada

Riddle: What should a man know before trying to teach tricks to a dog?
Answer: More than the dog.
Debbie Wright, St. Paul, Minnesota

Bob: Why do cows wear bells?
Joe: Because their horns won't blow.
Ricky Shelton, Morgan City, Louisiana

Terry: Why did your Mom knit three socks for your brother in the service?
Larry: Because he wrote her he'd grown another foot.
Steve Wilson, Keyser, West Virginia

Riddle: What did the bald man say when he received a comb for a present?
Answer: I'll never part with it.
Debra Delorme, Copper Cliff, Ontario, Canada

Bobby: Would you scold anybody for something he didn't do?
Teacher: Of course not.
Bobby: Well, I didn't do my homework.
Denise Schmeltzer, Victoria, Texas

Bob (while Mother is doing the dishes): Will you play stick-'em-up?
Mother: Certainly. One step closer and you'll be stuck with the dishes!
Cheryl Stadig, Harmony, Maine

Riddle: What kind of clothing lasts longer than any other?
Answer: Underwear, for it's never worn out.
Bobby Lapsley, McKeesport, Pennsylvania

Jim: Can you stand on your head?
Tim: No, it's too high.
Delbert Stone, Tucker, Georgia

Bill: What would you call a tailor if you didn't know his name?
Jill: Mr. So-and-So, of course!
Terry Duncan, Annapolis, Maryland

Riddle: What's an unemployed jester?
Answer: Nobody's fool.
Andrew Millis, Port Washington, New York

Teacher: What is the last thing you take off when you go to bed?
Tot: My feet — off the floor.
David Eisley, Clifton Heights, Pennsylvania

Riddle: What would you call a sleeping bull?
Answer: A bulldozer.
Jacqueline Eckes, Floral Park, New York

Riddle: Why should secrets not be told in gardens?
Answer: Because the beans talk (beanstalk) there.
Teresa Hom, Houston, Texas

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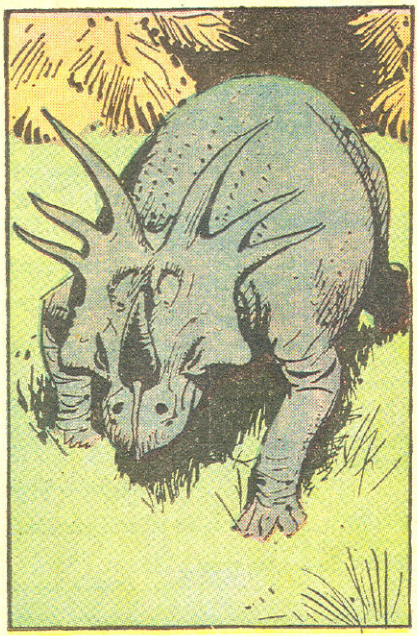
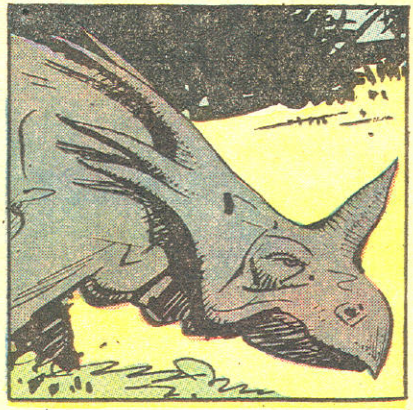
DINOSAURIA

Styracosaurus



With seven sharp horns fronting and rimming its head, the styracosaurus was a dangerous dinosaur. Living in the Upper Cretaceous period some seventy million years ago, this nearly twenty-foot-long creature, despite its fierce appearance, was a vegetable-eater. Its teeth sat in rows and worked like scissors, cutting the plant food rather than crushing it. It traveled in large herds along the many swamps of that ancient period and wandered onto the dry, shrub-covered plateaus. Its horns, and head shield or bone "collar," marked it as one of a varied group of horned saurians.



The length from the tip of the styracosaurus's nose to the end of its collar was seven feet. The spike-nasal horn rose almost two feet.

Even the mighty flesh-eaters feared the styracosaurus, for one jab or slash of its horns could tear apart its attacker.

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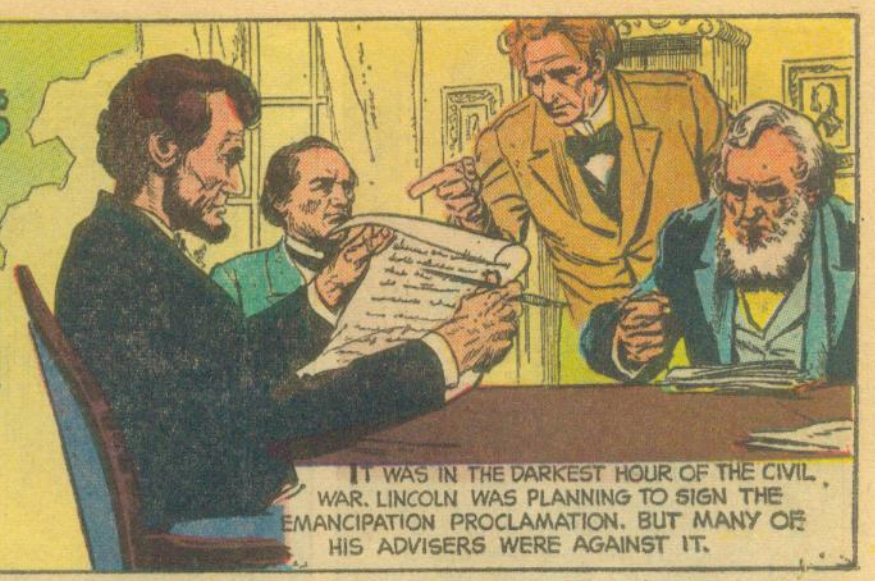
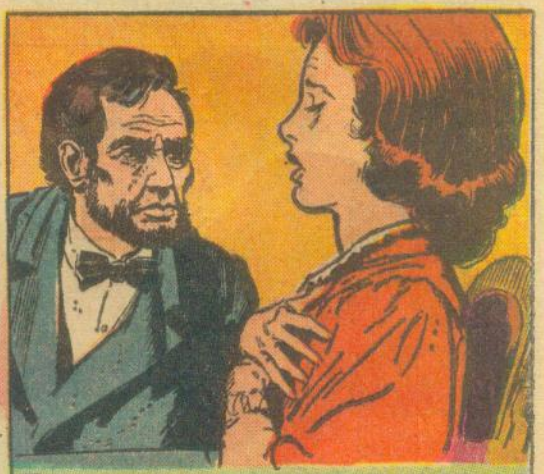
VOICES FROM THE TWILIGHT ZONE



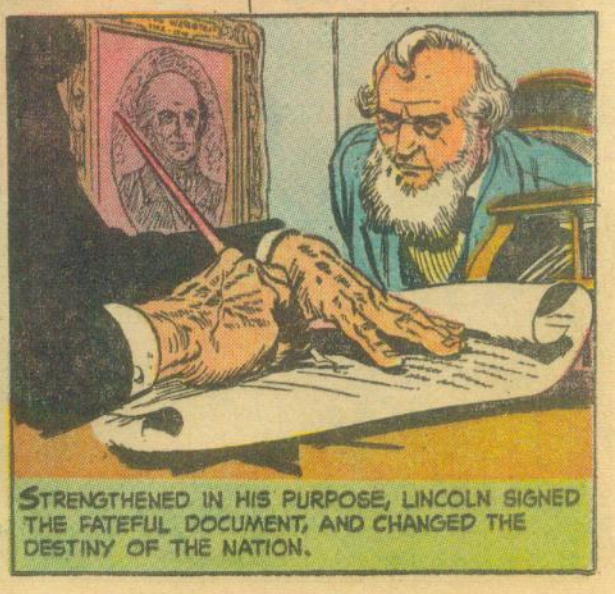
IT WAS IN THE DARKEST HOUR OF THE CIVIL WAR. LINCOLN WAS PLANNING TO SIGN THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION. BUT MANY OF HIS ADVISERS WERE AGAINST IT.

DEEPLY TROUBLED BY PERSONAL TRAGEDY AND THE HORRORS OF WAR, LINCOLN PERMITTED A SPIRITUALIST SEANCE AT THE WHITE HOUSE.



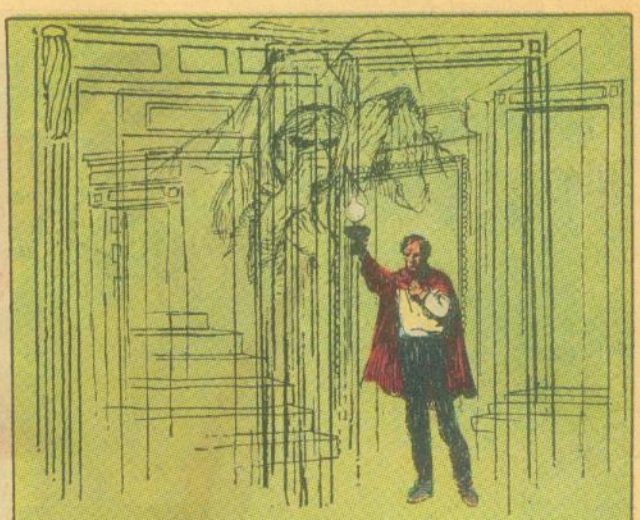
THOUGH THE MEDIUM WAS A YOUNG GIRL SHE SPOKE WITH THE DEEP AND MEASURED VOICE OF AN ELDER STATESMAN--A MAN LONG DEAD.

IT WAS THE VOICE OF A MAN WHOM LINCOLN HAD REVERED. IT COUNSELED THE PRESIDENT TO HAVE COURAGE AND SIGN THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

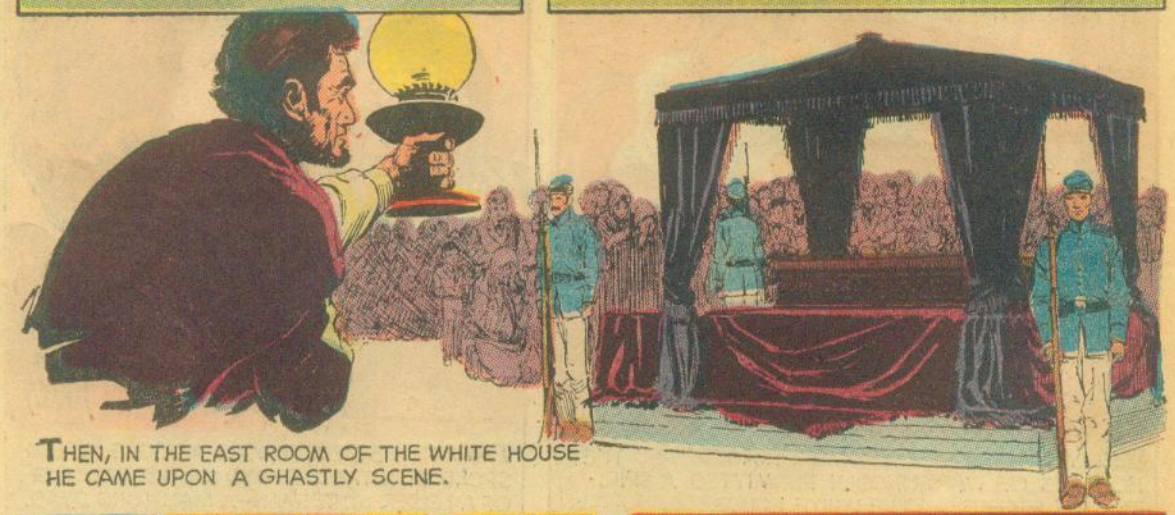


STRENGTHENED IN HIS PURPOSE, LINCOLN SIGNED THE FATEFUL DOCUMENT, AND CHANGED THE DESTINY OF THE NATION.

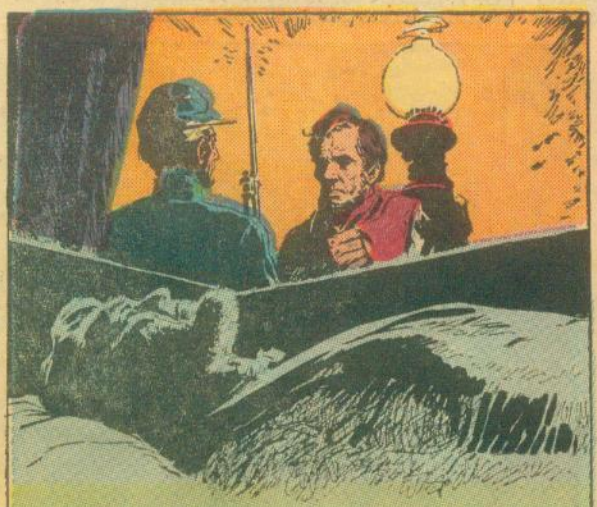
TOWARD THE WAR'S END, LINCOLN HAD ANOTHER EERIE EXPERIENCE. IN THE DARK OF NIGHT HE WAS AWAKENED FROM A TROUBLED SLEEP BY THE SOUND OF WEEPING.



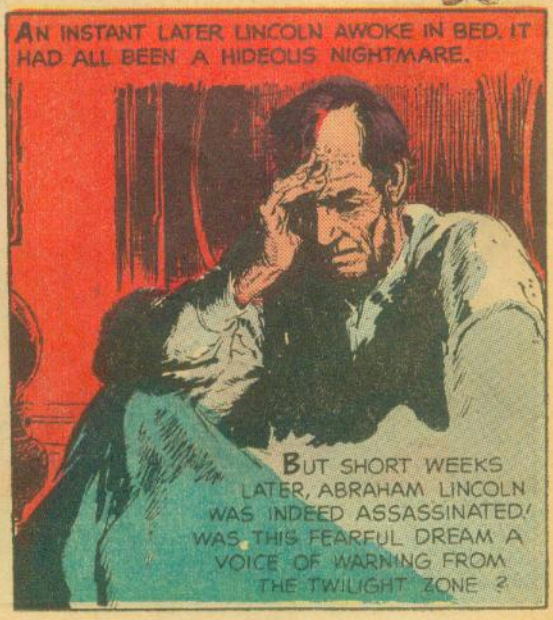
ANXIOUSLY THE PRESIDENT WALKED FROM ROOM TO ROOM. THE WEEPING CONTINUED BUT THE MOURNERS WERE NOWHERE TO BE FOUND.



THEN, IN THE EAST ROOM OF THE WHITE HOUSE HE CAME UPON A GHASTLY SCENE.

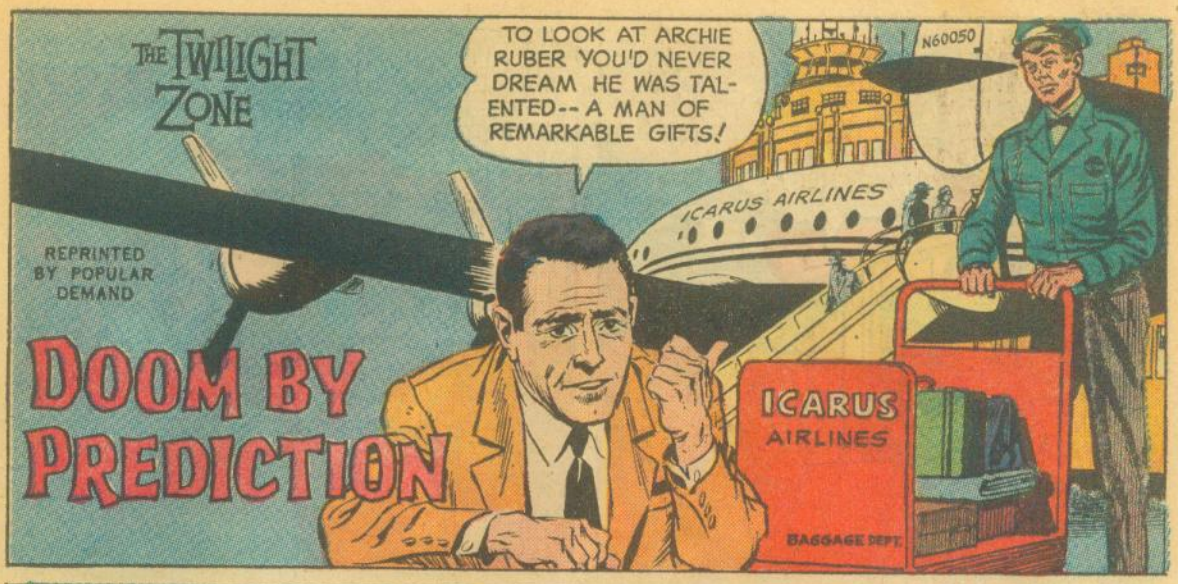


A GUARD OF HONOR TOLD LINCOLN THAT THE BODY WAS THAT OF THE PRESIDENT, WHO HAD BEEN KILLED BY AN ASSASSIN.



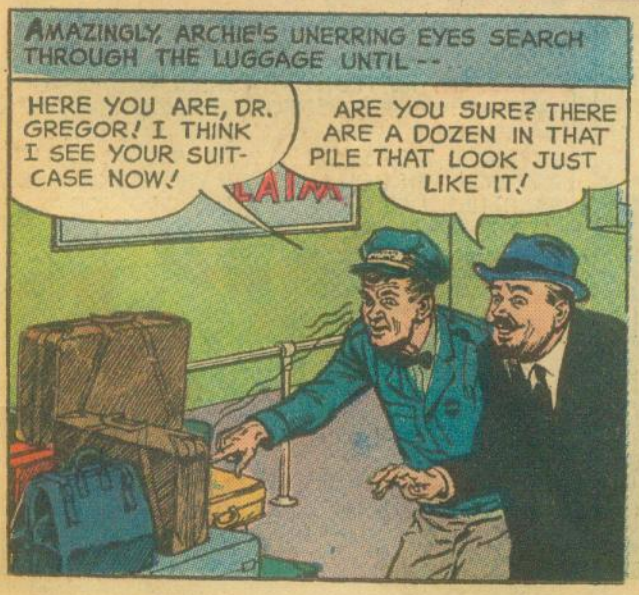
AN INSTANT LATER LINCOLN AWOKE IN BED. IT HAD ALL BEEN A HIDEOUS NIGHTMARE.

BUT SHORT WEEKS LATER, ABRAHAM LINCOLN WAS INDEED ASSASSINATED. WAS THIS FEARFUL DREAM A VOICE OF WARNING FROM THE TWILIGHT ZONE ?


THE TWILIGHT ZONE
REPRINTED BY POPULAR DEMAND
DOOM BY PREDICTION
TO LOOK AT ARCHIE RUBER YOU'D NEVER DREAM HE WAS TALENTED-- A MAN OF REMARKABLE GIFTS!
N60050
ICARUS AIRLINES
ICARUS AIRLINES
BAGGAGE DEPT.

AT THE AIRPORT WHERE ARCHIE WORKS AS A PORTER AND HANDYMAN, THEY OFTEN GOSSIP ABOUT ARCHIE'S FAMILY TREE...
YUP, IT'S TRUE! ARCHIE'S FOLKS CAME OVER ON THE MAYFLOWER!
THEY DO SAY HE'S A DIRECT DESCENDANT OF THE WITCHES OF SALEM!

THEN, ONE AFTERNOON ARCHIE'S TALENT COMES TO LIGHT...
I'VE LOST MY CHECK STUB, BUT I MUST FIND MY SUITCASE! IT'S FILLED WITH IMPORTANT SCIENTIFIC PAPERS!
NOW, EASY DOES IT! DON'T GET IN A DITHER, FRIEND! I'LL FIND IT FOR YOU!


AMAZINGLY, ARCHIE'S UNERRING EYES SEARCH THROUGH THE LUGGAGE UNTIL --
HERE YOU ARE, DR. GREGOR! I THINK I SEE YOUR SUITCASE NOW!
ARE YOU SURE? THERE ARE A DOZEN IN THAT PILE THAT LOOK JUST LIKE IT!

SAY, THIS IS MY SUITCASE! BUT HOW IN HEAVEN'S NAME DID YOU PICK IT OUT OF THAT PILE?
RECKON I JUST GUESSED RIGHT, SIR. I'M PRETTY GOOD AT GUESSING!

AND ANOTHER THING, I NEVER TOLD YOU MY NAME! HOW DID YOU KNOW IT WAS DR. GREGOR?
I JUST KNEW IT, SIR! ALL MY FAMILY SORT OF KNOWS THINGS! YOU SEE, WE'RE DESCENDED FROM THE SALEM WITCHES!
A DESCENDANT OF WITCHES, EH? ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF! I'M DR. ANTON GREGOR OF THE PARAPSYCHOLOGICAL INSTITUTE!
PARA-WHO?
I'M A STUDENT OF EXTRA-SENSORY PERCEPTION! YOU'D CALL IT MENTAL TELEPATHY AND MIND READING!
WELL, ER--I GUESS THAT'S NICE WORK, DOC, BUT IT'S A LITTLE OUT OF MY LINE!
I'M HERE TO LECTURE AT THE NEW ENGLAND UNIVERSITY! I'D LIKE YOU TO HELP ME WITH SOME EXPERIMENTS.
DON'T KNOW IF I COULD DO THAT, DOC! I AIN'T HAD MUCH BOOK LEARNIN'!
IT'S NOT YOUR EDUCATION I'M INTERESTED IN! IT'S THAT STRANGE TALENT YOU HAVE FOR "GUESSING AND KNOWING THINGS"! I'D LIKE YOU TO SUBMIT TO SOME TESTS!
TESTS? I DON'T CARE MUCH FOR FOLKS POKIN' AT ME AND PESTERIN' ME! BESIDES, I'VE GOT A JOB HERE, AT THE AIRPORT.
BUT GREGOR KNOWS JUST THE BAIT TO LURE ARCHIE...
MY TESTS ARE A KIND OF GUESSING GAME! WE'D WORK EVENINGS AND I'LL PAY YOU TEN DOLLARS EACH NIGHT!
WELL NOW, I COULD USE THE EXTRA MONEY! WITH WINTER COMING ON THERE WON'T BE MANY ODD JOBS AROUND BEFORE LONG!
TAXI

THAT NIGHT AS ARCHIE REPORTS TO THE UNIVERSITY LABORATORY...
MY ASSISTANT, SEATED BEHIND THE SHIELD, WILL DEAL A DECK OF CARDS MARKED WITH THESE SYMBOLS! MR. RUBER, HERE, WILL TRY TO GUESS EACH CARD IN TURN WITHOUT SEEING IT!
DON'T RIGHTLY KNOW IF I CAN DO THAT, DOC!
I'M SURE YOU CAN DO IT, ARCHIE! JUST GUESS THOSE CARDS THE SAME WAY YOU DID WHEN YOU FOUND MY SUITCASE AT THE AIRPORT--OR WHEN YOU GUESSED MY NAME!
OH, THAT WAY! WELL, I'LL TRY, DOC!
WITH BATED BREATH, STUDENTS AND SCIENTISTS WATCH AS ARCHIE'S MIND PROBES THROUGH THE BARRIER...
I SEE A CIRCLE, NOW A SQUARE, ANOTHER SQUARE, AND A STAR! A CROSS, ANOTHER CROSS AND THEM WAVY LINES AGAIN!
AIN'T DOIN' SO GOOD, AM I, DOC? I TOLD YOU I WASN'T MUCH AT THESE GAMES!
TWELVE CORRECT CALLS OUT OF TWENTY-FIVE! AND I WAS BEGINNING TO DOUBT THERE WAS ANYTHING LIKE MENTAL TELEPATHY!
YOU'VE MADE A MAGNIFICENT SCORE! ONE OF THE HIGHEST READINGS IN EXTRA-SENSORY PERCEPTION I'VE EVER SEEN!
AM I REALLY THAT GOOD, DOC?

AND THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING! WE'RE GOING TO WORK ON THAT TALENT OF YOURS! **EXERCISE** AND **DEVELOP** IT! BEFORE WE'RE DONE YOU'LL BE THE TALK OF THE SCIENTIFIC WORLD!

SURE HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOIN', DOC!

IN THE EVENINGS THAT FOLLOW ARCHIE GOES THROUGH ENDLESS TESTS AND EXPERIMENTS...

AND DAY BY DAY ARCHIE'S TALENTS DEVELOP AND GROW...

TWENTY-THREE CORRECT CALLS OUT OF TWENTY-FIVE! A **PHENOMENAL** SCORE, DR. GREGOR!

GETTIN' PRETTY GOOD, AIN'T I?

AND NOW THE AMBITIOUS DOCTOR PLANS NEW EXPERIMENTS.

ARCHIE, THIS IS AN EXPERIMENT IN PSYCHO-KINENSIS-- AN ATTEMPT TO **CONTROL** A MOVING OBJECT BY MEANS OF THOUGHT!

SHUCKS, DOC! YOU OUGHTA KNOW THAT **CAN'T** BE DONE!

ARCHIE, I'M GOING TO ROLL THIS DIE ON THE TABLE! I WANT YOU TO WISH FOR A PARTICULAR NUMBER TO COME UP! WISH -- AND WISH HARD!

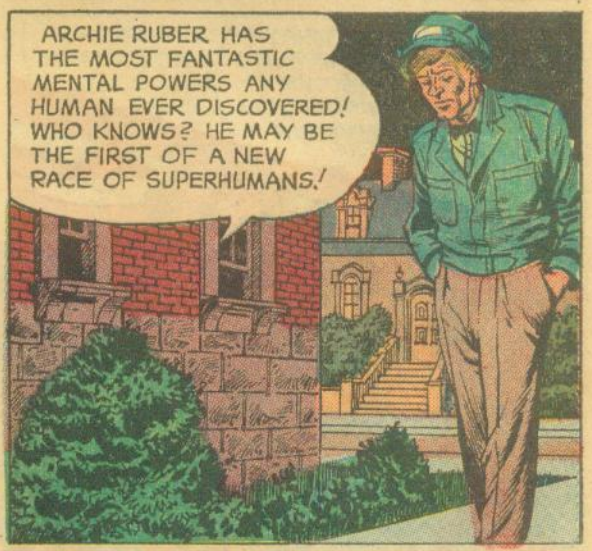
YOU'RE THE BOSS, DOC! RECKON I'LL ROOT FOR NUMBER **THREE!**

FOR THE NEXT HOUR ARCHIE'S BROW IS WRINKLED IN CONCENTRATION...

FANTASTIC, DR. GREGOR! HE TURNED UP A THREE EIGHTY-FIVE ROLLS OUT OF A HUNDRED! IS IT POSSIBLE IT COULD BE A COINCIDENCE?
IMPOSSIBLE! NOT A CHANCE IN BILLIONS! THIS SCORE DEFINITELY PROVES THE POSSIBILITY OF MENTAL CONTROL OF AN INANIMATE OBJECT!

IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, TESTS AND EXPERIMENTS INCREASE...
ALL THESE EXPERIMENTS AND TESTS--MY HEAD'S NEARLY SPLITTING! CAN I GO HOME, NOW?
OF COURSE, ARCHIE! BY THE WAY, YOU CHALKED UP SOME EXCELLENT SCORES TONIGHT!

BY THE WAY, SIR, I NOTICE OUR SUBJECT HASN'T BEEN LOOKING WELL LATELY! PERHAPS WE OUGHT TO EASE UP ON ALL THESE TESTS!
NO! WE CAN'T STOP NOW! WE MUST CONTINUE UNTIL WE DEVELOP HIS POWERS TO THE MAXIMUM!


ARCHIE RUBER HAS THE MOST FANTASTIC MENTAL POWERS ANY HUMAN EVER DISCOVERED! WHO KNOWS? HE MAY BE THE FIRST OF A NEW RACE OF SUPERHUMANS!

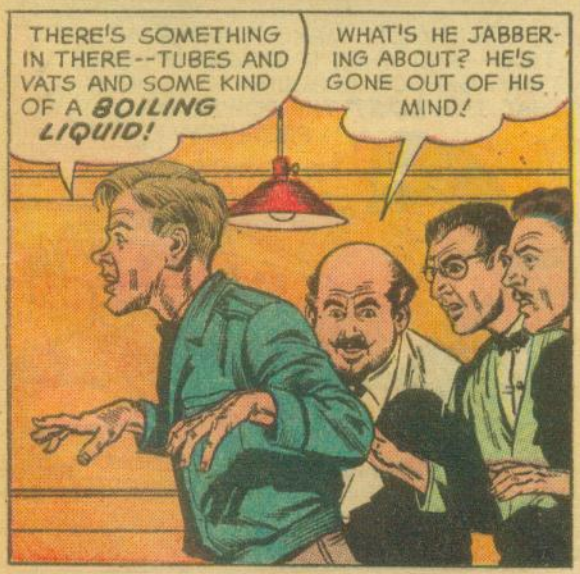
AND THEN ONE DAY--A DISASTER...
DR. GREGOR, WE JUST FINISHED A CARD READING EXPERIMENT IN TELEPATHY! LOOK AT THIS SCORE!
BUT--BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

TWENTY-FIVE WRONG GUESSES OUT OF TWENTY-FIVE CARDS! HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THAT, RUBER?
WELL, GUESS I'M SLIPPING, DOC!

AFTER WEEKS OF TORMENT ARCHIE SEES A SUDDEN GLEAM OF HOPE...
I RECKON YOU WON'T BE NEEDING ME NOW THAT MY POWERS ARE GONE! WELL, I'LL BE LEAVING!
HOLD ON! NOT SO FAST! I'VE JUST NOTICED SOMETHING ON THESE RECORD CHARTS!
YES, YOU FAILED TO GUESS THE CARDS AS MY ASSISTANT TURNED THEM! BUT ACCORDING TO THESE RECORDS YOUR GUESS WAS CORRECT FOR THE NEXT CARD IN THE DECK!
THAT'S RIGHT! YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT! YOU WERE GUESSING AHEAD OF ME -- GUESSING AT THE CARDS EVEN BEFORE I TURNED THEM!
DO YOU REALIZE WHAT THIS MEANS, ARCHIE? YOU WERE PREDICTING THE FALL OF THE CARDS! YOU HAVE THE POWER OF PROPHECY!
OH NO! NO! NOT THAT!
IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, ARCHIE BECOMES THE CENTER OF A SCIENTIFIC MAELSTROM...
SUDDENLY ARCHIE REBELS...
LOOK, BOYS, ALL THIS GUESSING AND THINKING AND WISHING -- I'VE GOT A SPLITTING HEADACHE! I'VE JUST GOT TO GO HOME!
IT'LL BE OVER IN A FEW MOMENTS, ARCHIE! JUST ANOTHER TWO PREDICTION TESTS!
ALL YOU EGG HEADS AND DOUBLE DOMES -- YOU'RE DRIVING ME CRAZY, WITH YOUR QUESTIONS AND PESTERING! I'M GOING HOME TO GET SOME SLEEP!
ARCHIE, WAIT!

ABRUPTLY, THE PAIN BECOMES UNBEARABLE...
MY HEAD! THE PAIN! THE PAIN! I CAN'T STAND IT!
SOMEBODY GET HIM A GLASS OF WATER!

THEN IN THE NEXT MOMENT IT WAS AS IF ARCHIE'S EYES WERE DRILLING THROUGH THE WALL OF THE ROOM...
WAIT! WAIT! I SEE SOMETHING-- IN THE NEXT ROOM!


THERE'S SOMETHING IN THERE--TUBES AND VATS AND SOME KIND OF A BOILING LIQUID!
WHAT'S HE JABBERING ABOUT? HE'S GONE OUT OF HIS MIND!

BUT FEAR HOLDS ARCHIE IN A TERRIFYING GRIP.
THERE'S SOMETHING IN THAT OTHER ROOM! THERE'S SOMETHING DANGEROUS IN THAT OTHER ROOM! SOMETHING'S GOING TO EXPLODE!
WAIT! I JUST REMEMBERED! THERE'S A CHEMICAL LABORATORY JUST DOWN THE CORRIDOR ON THIS FLOOR!

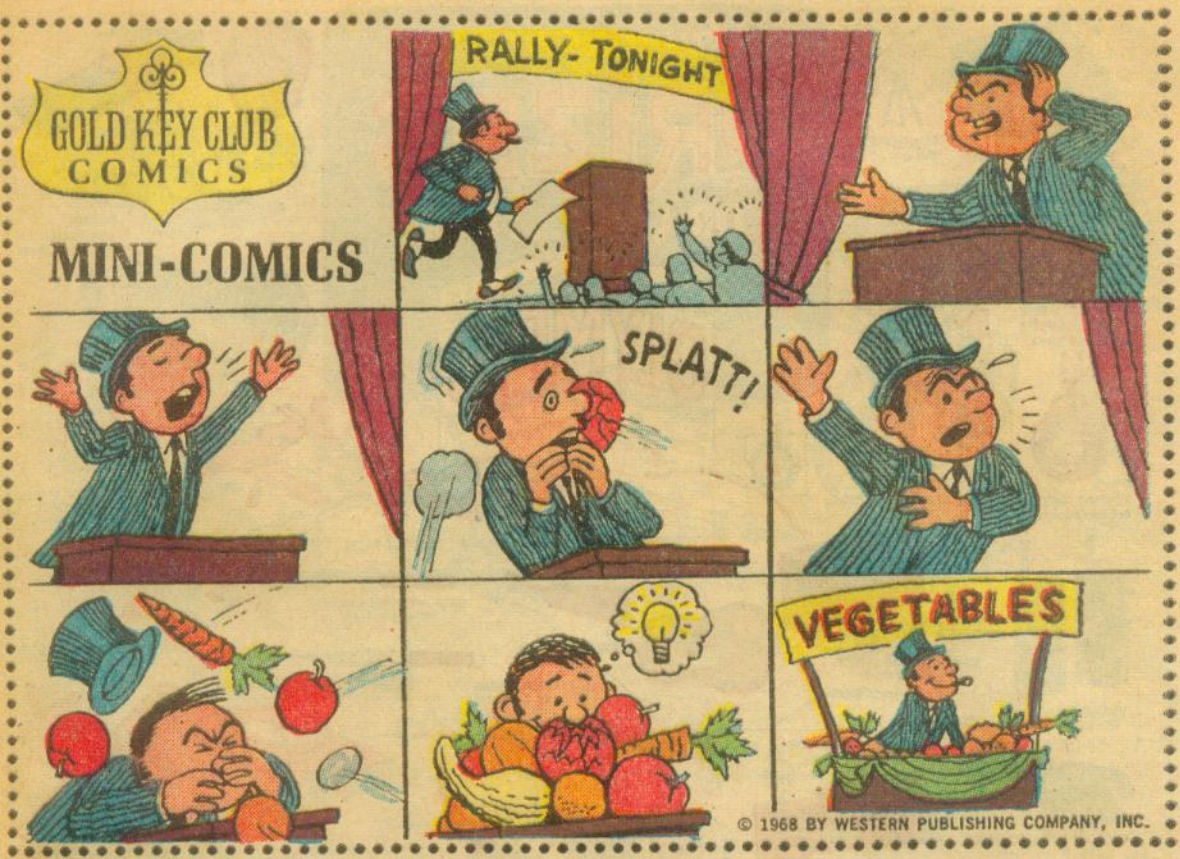
EVERYONE OUT OF HERE! FAST!

IN THE NEXT NIGHTMARISH INSTANT...
KABLOOM!
THAT PROVES IT, RUBER! BEYOND A SHADOW OF DOUBT! YOU HAVE THE POWER OF PROPHECY!

THE NEXT DAY, AT THE AIRPORT...
SAY, DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE FINALLY LEAVING US, DR. GREGOR!
ONLY TEMPORARILY, ARCHIE! I'M GOING TO WASHINGTON--TO THE PENTAGON! THE HIGH BRASS MUST BE NOTIFIED ABOUT THE RESULTS OF OUR TESTS AND EXPERIMENTS!
TRY TO UNDERSTAND, ARCHIE! IN THESE DAYS OF CRISIS YOUR AMAZING POWERS SHOULD BE USED FOR NATIONAL DEFENSE!
OH NO! NOW I'LL HAVE SOLDIERS AND GENERALS PESTERING ME AND ORDERING ME ABOUT, TOO!
I CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS! I'VE GOT TO CONVINCE GREGOR THAT ALL THOSE SPECIAL GIFTS AND TALENTS OF MINE ARE PHONY! YES! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUT!
THAT'S IT! I'LL MAKE A FAKE PREDICTION--AND WHEN IT DOESN'T COME TRUE, GREGOR IS BOUND TO BELIEVE THAT I'VE LOST THE POWER OF PROPHECY!
ICARUS AIR LINES
DR. GREGOR! WAIT! DON'T TAKE THAT PLANE! YOU'LL NEVER LEAVE THE AIRPORT ALIVE!
ICARUS AIR LINES
BUT AT THAT VERY MOMENT A JET AIRLINER THUNDERS PAST DROWNING OUT ARCHIE'S WARNING...
IT'S ARCHIE! HE'S TRYING TO SAY SOMETHING! I SUPPOSE HE'S WISHING ME BON VOYAGE! REALLY A NICE FELLOW WHEN YOU GET TO KNOW HIM!

IT IS HALF AN HOUR LATER THAT THE GRAPEVINE SPREADS THE WORD AMONG THE AIRPORT STAFF...
FLIGHT 603! THAT'S DR. GREGOR'S PLANE!
THAT'S RIGHT, ARCHIE! FLIGHT 603 TO WASHINGTON DEVELOPED MOTOR TROUBLE! THEY'RE RETURNING TO THE AIRPORT!
IT WON'T CRASH! IT WON'T CRASH! IT WON'T CRASH! IT WON'T CRASH!
SHE'S OUT OF CONTROL! SHE'S GOING TO CRASH!
ONCE MORE ARCHIE'S PROPHECY COMES TRUE...
I KNEW IT HAD TO BE THAT WAY! I SAID THEY'D MAKE IT!
SHE'S SAFE! SHE LANDED SAFELY! THANK HEAVENS!
DR. GREGOR!
YES, THAT'S RIGHT! IT WAS A DR. GREGOR! HE DIED OF A HEART FAILURE!
DR. GREGOR! I PROPHESIED HE'D NEVER LEAVE THE AIRPORT ALIVE! I KILLED HIM JUST AS SURE AS IF I SHOT HIM WITH A GUN!
BAGGAGE

I SEE IT NOW! IT'S MORE THAN JUST THE POWER OF PROPHECY! ANYTHING I SAY WILL COME TRUE!
IT'S THE POWER OF LIFE AND DEATH! A WORD FROM ME COULD DESTROY A MAN OR MAYBE EVEN THE WHOLE WORLD! NO HUMAN BEING SHOULD HAVE POWER LIKE THAT!
EMPLOYEES ONLY
AND THEN ARCHIE STRIKES THE SOLUTION -- ANOTHER PROPHECY...
YES, THAT'S IT! ARCHIE RUBER, YOU'VE MADE YOUR LAST PROPHECY! BEFORE THIS DAY IS OVER I PREDICT YOU'LL NO LONGER HAVE YOUR STRANGE POWERS!
MA 1076
BUS STOP
AN INSTANT LATER A CROWD GATHERS AT THE SCENE OF AN ACCIDENT...
YEAH! THAT'S RIGHT! IT WAS ARCHIE RUBER! STEPPED RIGHT OFF THE CURB IN FRONT OF THAT BUS! NEVER EVEN KNEW WHAT HIT HIM!
WELL, ARCHIE'S PROPHECY CAME TRUE! HE DOESN'T HAVE THOSE WEIRD POWERS OF HIS ANY LONGER... BECAUSE, YOU SEE, ARCHIE'S DEAD!
POOR ARCHIE! WHAT A WAY TO END SUCH A PROMISING CAREER! OH WELL, MAYBE THEY'LL FIND SOME USE FOR HIS TALENTS -- OUT THERE IN THE TWILIGHT ZONE!



STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION (Act of October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code).

1. Date of filing: September 28, 1967.

2. Title of publication: THE TWILIGHT ZONE.

3. Frequency of issue: Quarterly.

4. Location of known office of publication: North Road, Poughkeepsie, Dutchess County, New York 12601.

5. Location of the headquarters or general business offices of the publishers: North Road, Poughkeepsie, New York 12601.

6. Names and addresses of publisher, editor and managing editor: Western Publishing Company, Inc., 1220 Mound Avenue, Racine, Wisconsin 53404.
Editor: Richard Eiger, 12 Garden St., Lincoln Park, N.J.
Managing Editor: Matthew Murphy, 40 Gard Ave., Bronxville, N.Y.

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A. Total No. Copies Printed (net press run)	443,875	443,250
B. Paid Circulation		
1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales	236,470	240,200
2. Mail Subscriptions	250	200
C. Total Paid Circulation	236,720	240,400
D. Free Distribution (including samples) by mail, carrier or other means	541	553
E. Total Distribution (Sum of C and D)	237,261	240,953
F. Office Use, Left-over, Unaccounted, Spoiled after Printing	206,614	202,252
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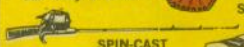
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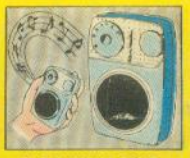

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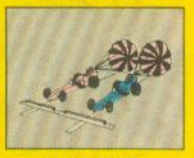

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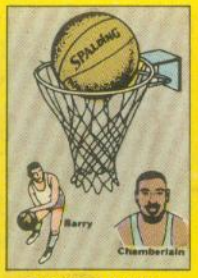

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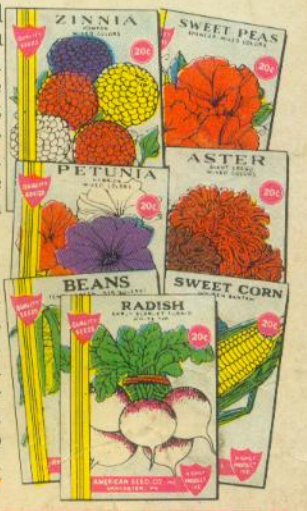

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